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(With acknowledgments to Messrs. Pears.)

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

When the War Ends.

Most people will be glad of an authoritative forecast of the end of the Anglo-German War. (Of the European War no forecast could possibly be made). "When hostilities cease between England and Germany it will be on the basis of a £200,000,000 indemnity from Germany to Great Britain, and the cession of Heligoland to this country. No other result is possible." This is the dictum of a distinguished General to me, and I know it to be well-founded. We might forego the two-hundred-million-pound indemnity, but never Heligoland. That important strategic island will once and for all return to England, and if it is not ceded it will be retaken from Germany.

No Peace Possible Without England's Victory.

I may point out that no Peace can ever be signed by King George save with Britain as the conquerors. I am informed that should his Majesty be advised to admit a German conquest over Britain, a revolution would happen in this country. The Kaiser forced this war upon us, and never will the conflict cease save at the supplication of Germany to this country, and complete acknowledgment of defeat. The temper of the people of England will admit of no compromise. Germany has asked for her humiliation, and she has got to take it. Then, and then alone, will the end be!

English Princes in the Field.

The days are over in Britain when the monarch led the forces in person upon the field of battle, but the Royal Family does its duty with the rest of the Army in time of war. The first British prince to go off to the war was Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Princess Henry's eldest son, who left with the 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards over a fortnight ago. On the following day the Pragger wagger joined the 1st Battalion of the same distinguished regiment at Brentford, and will, if he can, get across to the Continent at the earliest possible moment. The Heir-Apparent is no novice at soldiering, as is commonly supposed. He knows his drills perfectly, and he took his training with the Officers' Training Corps at Oxford with stubborn seriousness.

The Ironies of War.

For the Royal Family the war has tremendous ironies. One of them is the fact that three British princes are actually fighting against us on the side of the German Kaiser. The first is Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein,

the only surviving son of old Prince Christian and his English wife (who is the late King Edward's eldest surviving sister). Against this it may be mentioned that the eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian was the only English prince who laid down his life for this country in the South African War. Windsor possesses an admirable statue of the Prince, who was a very gallant gentleman, in his khaki rig-out, just as he fell upon the field of battle. It must be a severe blow to Princess Christian to think of her only living son fighting against Britain. Curiously enough, Princess Christian is our one Royal lady, who never goes abroad, and she is generally supposed to be one of the Kaiser's keenest critics!

Why Britain Annexed Togoland.

Another irony of the war is the nasty blow delivered to the German Crown Prince's brother-in-law in Britain's summary annexation of German West Africa. Most people have wondered why this apparently insignificant colony was seized, instead of the vastly larger Cameroons or German East Africa. Here is the secret. As readers of MODERN LIFE well know, there has never been any love lost between King George and the Kaiser. But though William-of-the-Burst-Head has sobered down of late years, his eldest son is as big a Junker as was his father at his age. The Crown Prince married the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the Schwerin family have not been acceptable at Buckingham Palace for many years, chiefly owing to their antagonism to the Strelitz branch of the Mecklenburg clan, who have as their head the oldest Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, now a venerable lady of 98.

A Nasty One for the German Crown Prince.

Several children have been born to the German Crown Prince and his wife from Schwerin, and as Duchess Cecilie is a rather a strong-minded young woman, she invariably gets her own way with the Prince. Hence, after the settlement of the famous Agadir incident three or four years ago, and the recall of the German Governor of Togoland, Crown Princess Cecilie was besought by her brother, Duke Adolphus of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to secure the vacant Governorship for him. Her influence with the Crown Prince was successful.

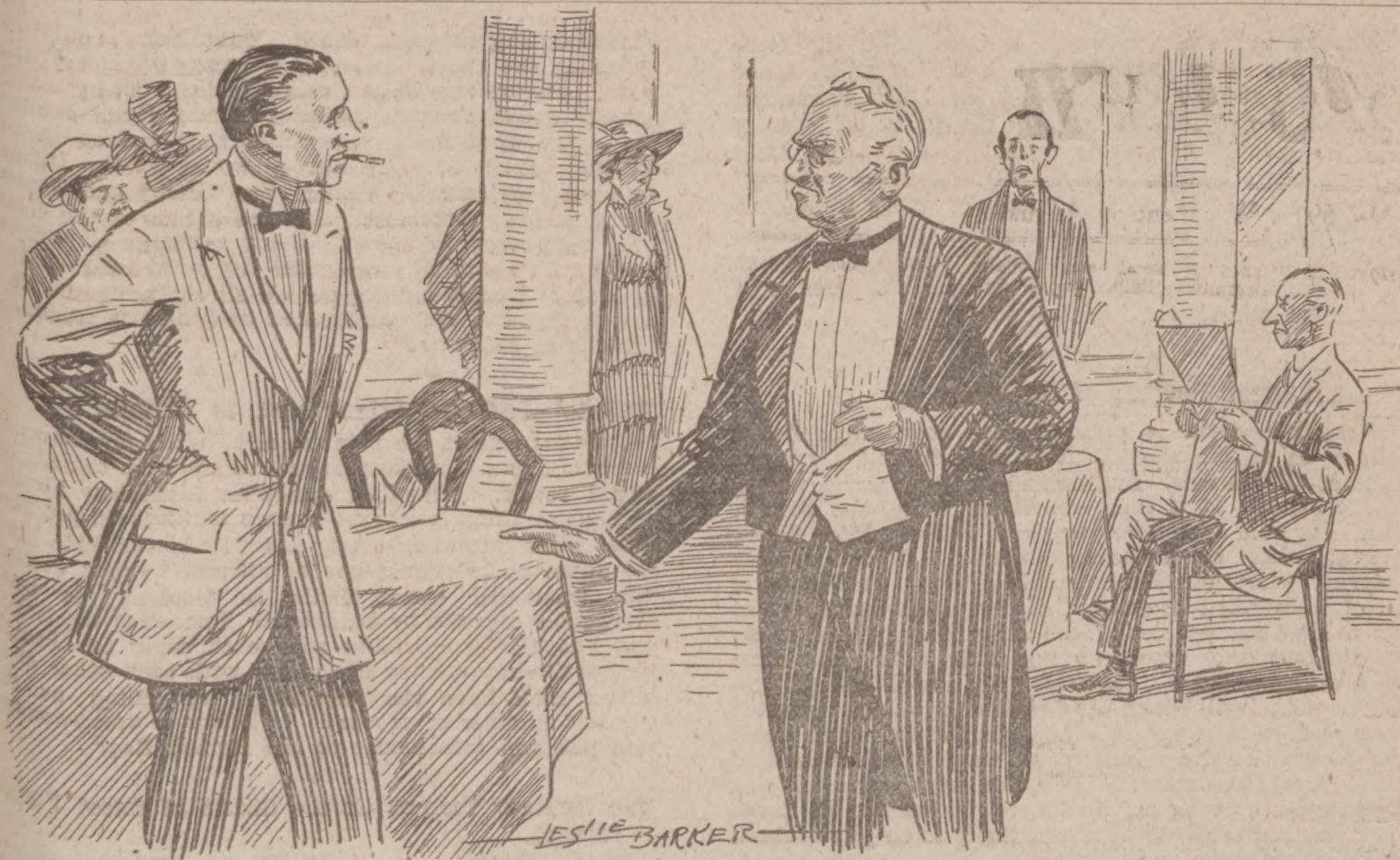
Duke Adolphus went out to German West Africa, and has been there ever since, and as soon as Germany found herself at war with Britain, and the German colonies lay practically unprotected, it was the colony which was ruled by the Crown Princess's brother that was promptly annexed, and the Union Jack hoisted in place of the Black Eagle. Our Royalties are, after all, only human, and the severe snubbing which the annexation of Togoland meant to the Crown Prince and his wife's kin has doubtless afforded no end of satisfaction in "the seats of the mighty" in this country, as well as to King George's loyal subjects.

Taking Time—and Events—by the Forelock!

As no man can say when the war will end, it is desirable that British folk do not slip back into a state of false security, and cease to husband the national resources to the utmost. May I therefore venture to suggest one very important measure which should be immediately taken to secure that the prosperity of the people is maintained throughout the struggle. The food difficulty is bound to be a very serious one for us, if the war lasts more than a year, and, in the interim, the Government should be urged to take steps to secure that every available acre of untilled soil in the British Islands is used for the purpose of wheat-growing. Few people realise the millions of acres of good land lying vacant in this country.

Duke of Marlborough's Remarkable Experiment.

One measure may be urged which should appeal to the patriotism of the landed classes. If every owner of an ancestral estate in this country were to lay out one acre in every ten only of his home park for the emergency crop of corn next year, not less than five million quarters of wheat could be so garnered without disturb-



Jovial Bounder (to manager of dismal seaside hotel): "Say, does anybody ever laugh here?"
Manager: "Now and again we do get complaints, sir."

ing the amenities of the "stately homes of England." This measure is novel, it is true, but it has been done once in time of peace, and the Duke of Marlborough's excellent experiment should be universally adopted, in view of the appalling crisis now opening. If a few acres laid out for crops do not spoil the amenities of lordly Blenheim, then they would not interfere with the beauty of any other home park in England. And if they did, what ought it to matter when the people's bread is threatened! Who will be the first noble lord to set an example to his fellow peers?

* * *

The Duty of the Lords of the Manors to the People.

Moreover, it should become the duty of every lord of the manor and every municipality in Britain to turn its quota of vacant common land to the national use. Herts, Beds, and Bucks, for instance, are counties with hundreds of thousands of virgin land absolutely unused. Now is the hour when the people of Britain can reap the reward of their ancestors' oft hard-fought conservation of these fine untillied acres. An Act of Parliament should be immediately passed whereby lords of the manors are empowered to place the unused lands beneath their supervision to the purpose of wheat-producing—the stipulation being made that only one crop is to be grown, with the right to continue the cultivation of the lands should the continuance of the war make it desirable, and after the cessation of hostilities every acre thus brought into cultivation to be given back to nature, or the foresters and people of Britain. I urge this consideration upon the Government as the first civil measure for the benefit of the poor of the country.

* * *

The Admirable Tecks, the War, and the Throne.

I hear that both Queen Mary's brothers are very keen upon going to the front, and that it is highly probable that Prince Alexander of Teck will not sail for his Canadian billet until the war is over. Moreover, I learn that Queen Mary is of their mind. Her Majesty has so few relations of her very own that she is glad to have the advice and counsel of the Tecks

whenever it is available, and this trait will have the entire sympathy of everybody. The two surviving sons of Princess Mary of Cambridge are thoroughly good fellows, and well worthy of their Royal mother. Not many people, perhaps, realise that the Duke of Teck and Prince Alexander are in succession to the Throne of England, not, of course, because their sister is Queen to-day, but through their mother, who was a granddaughter of King George the Third. It is good to remember, in such times as these, that if the descendants of Queen Victoria all failed, there are the Tecks and their children, against whom Dame Rumour has never been known to breathe a word!

* * *

The Kaiser and the Germanic Confederation

How will the German Confederation stand the shock of the reverses to the German arms? This is a question every student of foreign affairs is asking himself. On the day that King George declared war upon Germany a well-known South German diplomat said to me, "Bavaria will be ready to murder Kaiser Wilhelm over this! She has no cause to quarrel with England, and only entered the Confederation as a protection against Austria!" Within a fortnight my diplomatic friend was justified in his assertion.

On Sunday week last all the papers contained the first intimation of German dissatisfaction with the Bavarians. This also extended to the troops from Baden, which adjoins Bavaria. So angry was the Kaiser with the perfunctoriness of the Bavarians that he threatened to send them to the Russian frontier. Whether this has been done I do not know. But I imagine the new King of Bavaria will have something to say on that point. He is not accustomed to kowtowing to the Kaiser—the only German prince, in fact, who consistently refuses to do it.

* * *

Look Out for the Haughty "18th."

I hear that the 18th Hussars are filled with joy at the intimation they have received that they are to be

"right in' it," when the scrum comes with the Germans. Who it is that has the influence with Queen Mary I am not at liberty to say, but just watch the career of the "18th." Queen Mary is, of course, supreme colonel of the regiment, which, apart from its numerical designation, is "Queen Mary's Own," and the regiment is ready to "maffick" with delight that it may add to its colours the honours to be won on the new field of Waterloo. The "18th" already carry the Peninsula, Waterloo, South Africa, and the defence of Ladysmith among their battle honours.

* * *

The Brightest Feature of the War.

When the world is plunged into such unparalleled sorrow as at the moment it is good to find a ray of comfort—if one can! And one fine tonic is worth taking in the crisis. It is that, come what may, the British Empire is knit as it never was knit before. After South Africa, what heartrending differences, what angry chagrin, what long-remembered grudges, and what a lot of ill-digested sneers! But the Anglo-German War has welded the peoples of the Empire—nay, the whole English-speaking race!—as no other cataclysm could possibly have done. There are no Pro-Boers or Pro-Germans to-day! Even Sir William Byles seems mute! And, incidentally, there is one aspect of the crisis which has been upon the minds of all the Continentals, and which, by an amazing anomaly, has not occurred to any Englishman. It is England's defencelessness in India now that her whole army seems likely to be pitch-forked into the froth of war in Europe.

* * *

"Calcutta in Flames and the Viceroy Butchered!"

Strange as it may seem, this has been a question asked in almost every educated home in Germany and

France during the past month. That India is only held by us by the sword is one of Germany's deepest delusions. France also shares this delusion. Every simple, honest-minded Jacques Bonhomme and Hans Schmidt has grown up with the conviction that serious trouble for the British Army in Europe would see the Indians in revolt, Calcutta in flames, the Viceroy and Governors summarily butchered, and the Nizam or the Gaekwar, "Emperor of India!" I was asked in all seriousness by a French lady the other day what we should do in India. I replied, "Oh, we are all right, as the only nation that has ever threatened us (which is Russia) is our ally in this war!"

* * *

Rajahs' Pathetic Attachment to Britain.

But that wasn't the point at all! What my charming Parisian friend wanted to know was how soon the natives would revolt. I laughed somewhat hilariously by way of reply: these ingenious French maidens do get such queer ideas into their pretty heads! At the same time, the opportunity should not be allowed to pass without the wonderful lesson India is teaching us being thoroughly digested by Britishers. Instead of the Nizam and the Gaekwar vying with each other for India's "vacant" throne, they are vying with each other as to which shall have the distinction of sending us the greatest number of troops! Is it not a world-wonder, this pathetic attachment to the British Raj?

* * *

The Gaekwar Teaches Us the Charm of Sweet Forgetfulness.

Writes the Gaekwar to the King: "My troops and resources are at the King-Emperor's disposal!" And that is from the Rajah whom all the jingo papers in Britain were trouncing so volubly but three years ago on account of a nervous error at the Delhi Durbar. It is men like the Gaekwar who make Englishmen ashamed



She: "There has been a regular exodus from town, hasn't there? Everybody seems to have come here for the bathing."

He: "Yes. It was an 'exodus' followed by 'revelations.'"

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He: "Would you be sorry if I came back wounded?"
 She: "You just try."

of themselves and their petty prejudices and grudge-cuddling. It is the Indian native who teaches us child-like forgiveness and the charm of sweet forgetfulness. Incidentally, the *Daily Telegraph* might try and remember that the Gaekwar's signature is "Sayaji Rao Gaekwar," not "Sayajikas Gaekwar." There seems to be no end to the petty means by which some of the jingo papers can insult the ruler of Baroda. In the case of the *Telegraph* it is ignorance more than design, for that journal rarely renders any Indian name correctly.

Family Disruptions That Follow the War.

Terrible are the family disruptions which the present war will occasion. In none perhaps will they be more appalling than in the Cornwallis-West—Westminster—Pless families. Who that stood beside the font of Princess Henry of Pless's first-born son in March nine years ago, and saw the little bundle of Anglo-German humanity passed from the font into the arms of Queen Alexandra, could believe that in a few short years the Plesses would fly from England as from a thing accursed, and be laying down their blood in the fight against the country where they were honoured as the most favoured subjects of King Edward? Yet so it is.

There is no exaggeration about this. It is not well known that not only did Prince Pless come over to this country for a wife, but that both his two brothers acquired residences in this country, while one of them married Lord Fermoy's sister, and became well known in general Society. They are known as the Counts of Hochberg (the Pless secondary title), and Lord Fermoy's sister is at this moment attending the Marchioness of Londonderry's classes for Red Cross work at Londonderry House. But what of her husband and his brother?

Britain and Germany Part Company for a Generation.

No longer are the Pless brothers the most favoured of the "distinguished foreigners" in British Society. Instantly they rushed to the Fatherland when King George declared war upon Germany. Count Conrad

Hochberg, Prince Pless's eldest brother, had for years possessed a lovely mansion in Somersetshire, near Dunster, where a stately hospitality has been dispensed for years, and the sporting traditions respected. Directly Count Conrad read of the King's ultimatum to the Kaiser he called his servants together, and bade them a quick and sorrowful "Farewell," adding that they would probably never see him again!

It is more than probable that the Count will never again be seen at Dunster. Whatever the result of the war, Britain and Germany have parted company for at least a generation, and the younger Plesses, though sponsored by Queen Alexandra in the Chapel Royal in London, yet have the German Crown Prince as godfather, and will therefore be compelled to remember that their first interest is in Furstenstein and the Fatherland.

Austrian Ultimatum Makes Some Sad Disruptions.

Britain's declaration of war upon Austria-Hungary, too, is going to make ugly "breaches" even for our First Family. No foreign nobleman or prince has been so trusted here, for instance, as Prince Kinsky, whose horses have been for so many years familiar on the English turf. The Prince is almost a permanent resident in this country, and besides being quite a familiar personality in the Royal palaces of England, is a particular friend of the Tecks. One member of the Kinsky family is Master of the Horse in the Household of the Austrian Emperor, and Prince Kinsky, who once won the Grand National on his own horse, took a beautiful Thames-side home, Down Place, for Ascot week, and had a big party there for the races. Prince Kinsky is fifty-three, and he married a daughter of the great family of the Metternichs, a relative of Prince Lichnowsky, the recent German Ambassador in London.

In Austria the Kinskys are the premier sporting family, and the members of the Teck family have all had the pleasure of shooting and hunting with the Prince on his magnificent estates. The Prince is the best-known foreign nobleman in Britain, although his name cannot be said to be a "household word!"

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL!

At the moment of writing, England and the Empire are on the very edge of what may turn out to be perhaps the greatest event in all their history. A million men of the greatest military Empire of modern times are lined up opposite the Belgian and French frontier, and nearly a million men are waiting to receive them. What sort of a reception will the former get? What sort of an attack will the latter make if they win this first great battle and take the offensive on the road to Berlin? That is the problem of the moment, the greatest problem that has confronted any soldier or any statesman since the days of the Napoleonic wars.

Now I need hardly say that I am not going to be either bold enough or silly enough to tackle this problem. Nobody can tackle it effectively, not even the greatest of military experts. It is too much for mortal man, and the result must be left to the gods, on whose knees it rests, as do all results of the intensest and most tragic forms of human effort. But I should like to make one or two simple remarks about this war and its possibilities that have occurred to me as I have studied the papers during the past fortnight. And the first and most important thing to say is this: that it is pretty evident, so far as intelligent human nature can judge, that we are in for a long war. The gigantic preparations that Lord Kitchener is making at the War Office, and the general way in which the Government have at one fell swoop turned England into a military nation, show conclusively that those at the head of affairs have little hope of the war being over in a few months. It is true, of course, that, in any case, it would be diplomatic of the Government to make extensive preparations and thus to keep themselves on the right side. That is undoubtedly so. But the British Government does not act as it is doing to-day, all the same, unless it is pretty surely intended to give a hint to the public that they must be prepared for protracted warfare. We are in, then, for a long period of warfare. We can almost certainly make up our minds to that. Having put their hands to the plough (or rather to the sword), it is utterly foolish to suppose that the Germans will change their minds till they are absolutely demoralised and crushed. They are a brave people, we must remember, just as we are. They are of the same great race as us. They will not hang back. They cannot hang back. They must go right on. They will go right on. If they were not to fight to a finish they would be dishonoured among the races of the earth, and would, in addition, have to pay such a war indemnity as would crush and pulverise their Empire for a long, long term of years.

And what of us, with all our great history and traditions behind us? What of the brave little Belgians? What of the mysterious Russians? What of great, proud France, to-day once again with the war blood of Napoleon coursing through her veins? For these four, too, there can be no hesitation now that the die is cast. The course of the Allies is plain, and that course most assuredly will be taken at any and every cost. Fresh fields and pastures will be stacked with corpses. But "à Berlin" will still be the cry. The streams and rivers will run with blood. But "la revanche" will echo from a million throats, sore and slimy with the dust and filth of battle. In thousands of homes in England, France, Russia and Belgium the piteous cries of suffering women and children will go up to heaven, it may be for years, ere peace again bestrides the nations of Europe. But still will the Allies march on, march on to the summit of the great hill for which they are making, the hill of peace and fruitful-

ness, from which will radiate the eternal forces that shall dominate the world after the agony and bloody sweat of the greatest war in all our history.

That is the picture that I like to put in front of me at this moment when the two great armies are marching to battle, and when, amid the shrieks of the newspaper-boys, I can in my imagination almost hear the clatter of the cavalry and the booming of the guns. But it is a picture that is not complete until I put in the foreground the figure of the militant monster who is, if I mistake not, marching to the doom of damnation among the nations of the world, which is most assuredly his due. Too long have we, from motives of politeness and diplomacy, tolerated the machinations of the would-be modern Cæsar, who has for long years deluded the German people into a frenzy of international ambition. Too long has Germany, full of brave men and braver intellect, bowed down and worshipped this idol of tin and delayed her legitimate intellectual and moral progress among the peoples of the earth. Too long has England hesitated to strike her last great stroke for home and Empire. Too long has she lived on her achievements of the past, till the nations almost began to look upon her as nearing her decay. But now the scene has changed, and once again, as of old, we have thrown down the gauntlet with right and might upon our side. We cannot be defeated, if the people of England are true to themselves. We have but to go forward in the spirit of our ancestors, even into the mouth of hell.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

No moor grouching now!

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No German newspaper is allowed to print more than a few messages of three or four lines, says a daily. This seems to be a misprint for lies.

* * *

"War, by a Seaside Landlady," is the title of an article in a contemporary. Judging by our experiences it seldom results in great slaughter.

* * *

Many City taverns are said to have taken down their German lager beer signs, but we learn that doctors still continue to attend cases of German measles.

* * *

Even war has its compensations. This season, for the first time within the memory of our oldest inhabitants, the sea serpent has failed to pay his customary visit to our shores.

* * *

Ultimatum, a racehorse valued at £6,000, was taken over by the military authorities for £72. The German Government would have supplied dozens of ultimatums for much less.

* * *

Thus a London weekly on the German Army: "The strength of one complete division is 14,000, and of an army corps of two divisions 30,000." No wonder the L.C.C. cut short the children's holidays.

* * *

An actor, in his memoirs, states that he was once called upon to take a part at such short notice that he had great difficulty in procuring an old pair of boots necessary for the character. Most Thespians of our acquaintance would have not the slightest difficulty in this respect.

* * *

"An engagement has been in progress N.W. of Hasselt."

"Underground Railway posters will show us, for the present, no more 'Humours of London.'"—*Evening News*.

The printer likes being in the firing line.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

What did Mr. Burns take away from the Local Government Board in the big bag on Saturday?

If John Redmond's good sense and patriotism have settled both the Kaiser and the Ulster question? If the analogy between Ireland and Poland is not a particularly striking and happy one just now?

Whether the brilliant success of the "Belle of New York" revival at the Lyceum at such "popular prices" is not exciting the envy of the few other theatres still open? And if it is likely to be emulated by the revival of another famous musical-comedy triumph?

Did not the war come at a very convenient moment for the young Territorial officer who was threatened with an action for breach of promise?

What is the name of the daily newspaper which is about to cease publication?

Who is the famous City millionaire who, as the result of the war, has been reduced to borrowing money from his friends?

What is the name of the Society woman who is closely connected with a Cabinet Minister and who has been telling everybody "the exact position of the British fleet"?

When will Winston Churchill learn to pronounce the letter "s" properly?

If Lord Northcliffe has quite recovered from the shock of his interview with Lord Kitchener, and if he doesn't think the War Minister is exceedingly ungrateful to be so severe after the full strength of the Northcliffe "rags" had been turned on to yell for K. of K.'s appointment?

If Lord Morley will be awarded the place in the pension list left vacant by the death of Viscount Cross?

Whether Marie Lloyd will ever re-visit the United States? And what were the exact words used by her on hearing of the threatened slump in music-hall salaries?

If Lord Roberts's "The war will probably last two years" is a suggestion calculated to cheer us up a bit?

Whether Lord Strathmore will place the secret chamber of Glamis Castle at the disposal of the wounded soldiers who are to be nursed there, and whether they will ever recover if they discover the great secret?

What Queen Mary has done with her beautiful German uniform as Colonel-in-Chief of the 5th Pomeranian Hussars?

Who is the contractor, already profiting largely by the war, who is so brutally cynical on the subject of providing for those "left behind" by his employees lately called up?

How long before a real Press Censorship will jump on the damnable lies disseminated by certain Sunday "war" newspapers?

How Sir Alfred Mond liked being detained on suspicion for being a German spy?

Who is the criminal who started the lie about the Black Watch being cut up?

Who added on the 14th Hussars? And if it not perfectly marvellous the rapidity with which the story flew over the British Isles?

And whether it was not this particular lie that was the object of Mr. F. E. Smith's intimation that "any successes or reverses to the English troops would be frankly acknowledged"?

The identity of the German resident in London whose cook-housekeeper firmly believed that her employer would speak better English "soon's he'd gone and got himself naturalised"?

If John Burns will ever see office again?

Who it was that said: "Some lawyers earn their bread by the sweat of their brow-beating?"

Why the rich Lord Peckover never figures in the charity lists? And whether he did all that he thinks is expected of him about the time Mr. Asquith ennobled him?

Whether there is any possible chance left for the Strelitzer, now that Princess Mary's mind has been placed "up against" the German royalties for the rest of her life? And whether Prince Nicholas of Greece will not be delighted at the ousting of his persistent rival?

If the promoters and others interested in the approaching football season are not feeling nervous?



Week End Sport: Catching sea-girls.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Better than the Uhlan of Germany is the *Elan* of France.

* * *

Liège means cork. Perhaps that is why its plucky defenders keep on bobbing up.

* * *

The geographical description of Liège as being noted for hardware seems borne out by recent happenings.

* * *

"Allies Join Hands," runs a headline. We hope this won't prevent the successful use of their arms.

* * *

Mr. Raymond Coulson calls the Belgian "a fighter without frills." His courage, however, is a feather in his cap.

* * *

The Bishop of Lincoln: "You have not come into the world to have a good time." And we haven't been disappointed.

* * *

The Kaiser declares that he will never again don a British uniform. The small shapes of our helmets are said to have caused him much discomfort.

* * *

Canon Masterman: "Better have wrong opinions based on convictions . . ." But what accused persons object to is having convictions based on wrong opinions.

* * *

A contributor to a Sunday paper is not of opinion that skin-tight bathing costumes for girls indicate a looseness of morals. In a vast number of cases it shows good form.

* * *

A German tradesman in Hammersmith exhibits his naturalisation papers in the window of his gents' outfitting establishment. He found his fatherland somewhat of a tie.

* * *

Mr. Lewis Harcourt: "A woman who marries a foreigner does so with her eyes open." Not always. We know of some cases where her eyes were opened only after marriage.

* * *

We notice the announcement of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Purvis-Russell-Balfour-Kinnear. We trust that the young lady will have an early opportunity of changing her name.

* * *

The *Star*: "Two hundred years ago to-day Queen Anne died." As the oldest inhabitant remarked on hearing this: "There, now, that only shows how slowly news travels; why somebody only told me that the other day!"

* * *

Mr. Bonarios Crimson, of New York, has invented a device by which a musician may visualise the rhythm of a melody, by seeing red circles appear whilst he is playing. For ourselves we have "seen red" many a time whilst listening to "My Heart Still Clings to You."

* * *

The *Star*, in referring to the late William Whiteley's homes for the poor: ". . . on a site which the trustees had to find in the western suburbs of London, with, if possible, ten miles of Charing Cross."

The other odd few miles the South Eastern and Chatham Railway will, no doubt, be allowed to keep.

* * *

"At the very top of the statue of Cupid over the fountain in Piccadilly Circus are two little flags, a Union Jack and a French Tricolour. They are difficult to distinguish from the ground, but from the top of a passing motor-omnibus you can pick them out."—(*Daily Mirror*). That is, of course, if your arm happens to be long enough.

BOUNCE.

Popkin polishes one of the pater's office stools for seven hours daily. The other morning on passing through the office I noticed that in place of his usual detached air of polite boredom he was sporting a pay-day smile.

"Cheero! Poppy boy!" I remarked; "got amongst 'em at last, eh?"

"No, sir," he replied, "I don't bet; but I certainly have had a stroke of luck." And then I learnt that our Popkin was by way of becoming a literary nut. It seemed that for some time he had been slinging articles at editors' heads without success. At last a brilliant idea struck him.

"Bounce," said Popkin, sticking out his ridiculous little chest like a pouter pigeon, "bounce, sir, pays. For months my efforts have been sent in the ordinary way with merely name and address attached, and for months some have been coming back, some have been lost in the post and not one has been published. Now last week I did an extra hot bit of stuff: 'Thoughts in an A B C teashop.' I called it, sir. Well, I thought, I am not going to take any chances with high-class work like this, so I sent it in a registered packet with a covering letter requesting an immediate reply and asking £5 for it. This morning I received a cheque for 10s. 6d. from 'The Wiggle Waggle.' I expect it will appear in next week's issue, sir; I hope you will buy a copy."

The next week we all bought copies of "The Waggle," but none of Popkin's thoughts appeared therein. Neither did they the following week, nor indeed up to the present moment have they figured in print. Popkin said he couldn't understand it. He told me he had called on the editor several times but had not been able to see him, and his letters remained unanswered.

Then a deuced funny thing occurred. One night at the club a friend said he would introduce me to a new member—a rising star in the journalistic world, and editor of "The Wiggle Waggle." A little later over a whiskey and soda I broached the matter of Popkin.

"Popkin, Popkin," said the editor; "the name seems strangely familiar."

"'Thoughts in an A.B.C. teashop,'" I murmured.

"Oh yes," he said, "it comes to me now. Popkin is the name of that silly blighter who writes us every week about some rotten article of his."

"Yes," said I; "why don't you use it?"

"We have."

"But it has not been in print yet."

"No. You see," he explained, "after reading the MS.—hopeless bilge by the way—I absently minded used it to light my cigar. Then I discovered a covering letter in the registered envelope valuing it at £5. To save trouble I sent him a cheque for 10s. 6d., which I guessed he would jump at."

"And have you no idea of publishing it?"

"Great snakes man, no! We have his receipt for 10s. 6d., and that finishes it."

The question is, shall I tell poor little Popkin or let him go on living in hope.

FRANK MERCHANT.



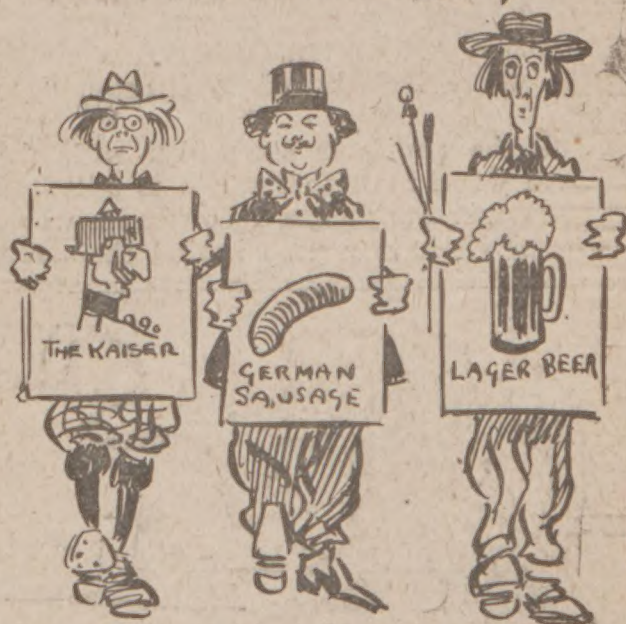
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THE ROYAL HUGGERS
USEFUL IN A TIGHT SQUEEZE

Splendid as has been the response of Britain's manhood to Lord Kitchener's call, there are still many sources of strength entirely untapped. Our artist offers a few suggestions for consideration by the War Office.

BY THE WAY.

We all love the Prince of Wales and his "little brother" for girding up their loins and playing their personal part in the war. There are stirring memories for "Edward P." in the example of another English Edward, the Black Prince, of Crecy and Poitiers fame. The last King of England who fought in battle was, of course, George II. at Dettingen in 1743. De Noailles with his 70,000 French thought he had got the 40,000 British and Hanoverians (of whom only 16,000 were British) in a cleft stick—but he hadn't. George II. knew nothing of tactics, but was brave as a lion. His horse bolted with him, so he dismounted saying that he "could trust his legs not to run away with him." Then, brandishing his sword, he cried: "Don't tell me of danger—I'll be even with them!" The French lost the battle, and 6,000 killed.

The deliberate opinion of the whole nation that "We are bound to win" recalls Nelson at the Nile, when someone remarked, "... if we win." "That we shall win is certain," cried Nelson; "but who will live to tell the tale is a very different thing." And, dining with his officers just before the battle, he serenely said, "By this time to-morrow, gentlemen, I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey!" Seven years later, when he did fall, he was assigned, not to our noble abbey, but to that cold vault of the dead, St. Paul's, where Nelson and Wellington "sleep side by side."

Of all the panics in connection with the war none has been worse than that which is still in existence in the newspaper world, and I do not see why I shouldn't let the public have a peep behind the scenes. The two

main factors in the situation are that a very great quantity of the cheaper grades of paper comes from Germany, and that the bulk of our supplies of wood pulp for paper manufacture comes from Norway and Sweden. The war completely closed the first source of supply and temporarily suspended the second, with the result that there was a frenzied rush to buy paper in which the weakest have had to go to the wall.

The irony of the situation is that the worst offenders in grabbing all the paper they could lay their hands on are the wealthy newspapers—daily and weekly—and also the concerns who are wasting paper and bamboozling the public by rushing out extra "War Editions" containing little but fiction—with, of course, a leavening of facts of which the public were already aware. These are the very papers which have been severely lecturing the well-to-do classes for their selfish panic-buying of provisions. Yet they themselves are doing exactly the same thing, for they have forced up the price of paper to abnormal heights to the utter ruin of many of the smaller concerns. Now, if you find that one or other of your favourite journals is no longer appearing you will know the reason why. Prior to the war they might have been perfectly sound financially, but with little ready money, and hard cash has been required to buy paper even at famine rates.

Who is "doyen" of the British war correspondents at the front, if it be not Frederic Villiers? Of distinguished mien, he looks like nothing so much as a French general officer. Villiers was, in fact, brought up in France, and his first campaign as artist of the "Graphic" was the Servian war of 1876. Then he was at Plevna, was with "Charley B." on the "Condor," with Kitchener at Omdurman and Pretoria, and literally has not missed a war for nearly forty years. A personal friend of the Tsar, the latter invited him to the coronation in Moscow. Among other "records," Mr. Villiers was the first to use the cinematograph camera in war, and the first to introduce the bicycle into the Soudan.

Does this war spell the doom of the submarine? It really looks very much like it. In the Russo-Japanese war submarine boats were a dead failure, it being found almost impossible to operate them in a heavy sea. And in the present struggle they have so far effected very little. All things considered, the promoters of the English Submarine Boat Company that failed a few years ago need not worry too much over their losses.

In the late King Edward's Marienbad "cure" days there was once an objectionable bore who was for ever talking to him in praise of Germany and Germanic institutions. "There," said this individual while the band was playing one evening, "you have nothing like that in England, have you?" "Indeed we have," replied his Majesty; "and we call them German bands."

Perhaps the two most romantically interesting of the many "great houses" lent to the Government for hospital or other purposes are Walmer Castle and Glamis Castle. In the former stronghold of the Lords Warden of the Cinque Ports died the great Duke of Wellington—an event immortalised in Campbell's splendid ode—and, in later years, Lady Curzon. As for Glamis, Lord Strath-



DIDN'T DISPUTE IT.

He: "It's a relief to get away to a quiet place like this. After all, Society is a great bore, don't you know?"

She: "Yes, some people's society."

more's historic seat, you won't need reminding of the fine passage in "Macbeth" beginning: "I know I'm Thane of Glamis; but how of Cawdor?"

* * *

These are bad days in Fleet Street, and what with the famine in paper and the tremendous expenses entailed by the war, some of our dailies are in serious danger of extinction. Few people who read half a column "from our Special Correspondent," have any idea of the outlay in time and money that it represents. One enterprising daily has sent out over a dozen correspondents, and each one was provided with £100 in gold "to start with." In the theatre of war the latter dispense cash on a most generous scale. Their one aim is to get news home. To do so men have in the past bought a motor-car, driven it to the nearest post office and there abandoned it! Another point is that more than one of the papers have had to establish a special courier service, both from Paris and Brussels, so as to get their correspondents' "copy" through. Nowadays, the war correspondent has every obstacle placed in his way by the opposing generals. This war in particular is marring many reputations.

* * *

One of the very few correspondents who have distinguished themselves is Mr. J. M. N. Jeffries of the "Mail." Mr. Jeffries is comparatively new to journalism, and was exceedingly lucky to find himself right in the thick of it in Belgium. No one will deny that he has made the most of his opportunities. He joined the "Mail" staff about eight months ago, and is said to have been taken on as the result of a remarkable letter he wrote to the Editor. This epistle was couched partly in Latin and partly in Greek, and much impressed the powers-that-be at Carmelite House. Jeffries is essentially a literary man and refuses to be troubled by commerce in any shape or form. He is very energetic and active. The first big "story" that he secured for his paper was the "Diary of the Black Prince," which was discovered in a lawyer's office. This, by the bye, was in reality not a diary at all, but a letter-book.

* * *

Most of us who live in England have for years been convinced that the War Office is asleep. We were always reading of German spies here, but it never occurred to us that two could play at that particular game. As a matter of fact this war has already shown that the British authorities are as active as anyone in the world. The carefully-tabulated information collected by the members of our Secret Service will prove very useful during the next few months. The stories that German spies who acted as waiters were exaggerated but not absolutely untrue. Not long ago, for instance, the German Government became possessed of a long list of names and addresses which were contained in a leather-bound book. That book held the exact location of every shoeing forgo in the United Kingdom!

* * *

There will be much to be written about the great Armageddon long after peace has been declared. Some future Lord Randolph Churchill will astonish us in his "reminiscences" by stories of the secret history which underlay the great war. A friend in the diplomatic service assures me that we were prepared for hostilities six weeks before they came. It was just so long ago that Germany discovered that she had got to the end of her tether. Her people were struggling under an unbearable load of taxation, and more money could not be raised without the greatest possible difficulty. Her forces could never again reach the same state of efficiency and—worst of all—great socialistic disturbances were expected in the winter. The Kaiser therefore decided that now was his best opportunity to strike for world-power. Austria and Italy were communicated with, and told to be ready. Italy's reply was to tip us the wink in Whitehall. This explains the amazing smoothness with which our mobilisation has been completed, and the very business-like proceedings at the test mobilisation of the fleet. On this occasion it will be remembered that the



THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

doings at Spithead were shorn of all pageantry, and that the usual mob of M.P.'s was not present. The English historian of the future will surely have some very nice things to say about Italy.

* * *

I hear that King Manoel called at Buckingham Palace last Wednesday morning week and offered his services in the war as a captain of the Oxford Light Infantry (with which regiment he and his ancestors have such interesting associations) or with any other regiment—horse or foot—with whom it should be convenient to attach his ex-Portuguese Majesty. King Manoel met Field-Marshal Sir John French in the Palace, and they had an interesting quarter of an hour discussing the probabilities of the campaign.

* * *

The Duke of Westminster, always in a hurry where there is danger, has gone off to the front, with a huge load of aeroplane material, fast horses and war equipment—a camp all to himself, in fact—and I shouldn't be surprised in the least to hear he was a prisoner in the hands of the Deutschers, or had been shot dead for refusing to surrender. You can't help admiring this mad son of a hundred earls, who has been on the edge of Kingdom Come a score of times, and seems determined to lose his life without the stigma of self-destruction.

Anyway, the Duke gave £15,000 to the Prince's Fund, almost before the other millionaires had got out their cheque-books, and if he was not able to goad his countrymen into subscribing the required hundred thousand for the insurance of Britain's triumph at the Olympic Games, he is doing his level best, both in person and pocket, to see his country come out on top when the fight with Germany happens. No wonder Queen Mary can see nothing wrong in his Grace! Neither can we!

THE LOITERER.

MORE OR LESS.

Clothes and the Colours.

There seems to be something wrong about our clothes, these days. The fantastic raiment like Joseph's coat of many colours, the gay slashed skirt, the debonair bodice, the pantomime hat, the ballet shoes we have worn so blithely, skimming about like futurist swallows all the spring and summer, have suddenly assumed a different aspect. A month ago—nay, a week ago—if we wore a rose at the back of our necks and cocked an absurd hat-brim over our left eye, well, we were going to lunch at the Savoy, or to a duchess's garden party, or to polo at Hurlingham, and the more absurd our attire, the greater our chance of attracting notice; but now, what's the use of dressing like Columbine when Harlequin is off to the war? At one of our big stations this morning I saw a little group of girls bidding good-bye to a few khaki-clad men. Against the sombreness of their surroundings, against the sombreness of circumstance, their bizarre frocks stood out in strong contrast. Somehow the open necks, the open skirts, draped and looped, jarred; the long white gloves, the distorted hats and the shrill laughter jarred. Not thus would we have had England's daughters bidding good-bye to England's sons. Instinctively my mind went back to that picture of the Huguenot—you all know it, of course—where a darkly-clad woman in silence binds a white band about the arm of her departing lover. Far-fetched, you say! Perhaps. But heart meets heart, and the soul comes to birth only in the silence. But to return to clothes. I do not, of course, suggest that we should all immediately don the garb of Red Cross nurses or widows, and look as if we expected every pedestrian we encountered to be a wounded soldier. But I do suggest that while the war lasts and the black shadow of its wings casts a gloom over the sunlight, we should for a little while eschew the vagaries of fashion and dress in a manner more befitting the wives and daughters and sweethearts of those brave men who have been called to the front.

* * *

War Brides.

The war has yielded us a strange new crop of brides—war brides, they call themselves. They are the girls who have married in haste men who have been called to the front. It is foolish, perhaps, at such a moment as this, when every English person's soul has become a Union Jack, to cavil at anything the khaki-clad men may do, but at the same time I can't help feeling that war is not a time for added responsibilities. It's hard enough to leave a sweetheart, but it's worse to leave a wife. It's hard enough to wave a good-bye to a lover, but worse than hard to let your husband go. If the honeymoon is to be postponed over the war, why not the wedding as well? There is a time for all things, and orange-blossom does not match with the blood-red blossom of war.

* * *

Wool and Time.

Another little thing. I do hope all the women of England aren't busy knitting night-caps and other articles of attire for the soldiers that will never be worn. If they are, it's merely waste of wool and time. A friend of mine who went through the South African War still laughs grimly when he thinks of all the wasted personal paraphernalia rotting on the veldt, unwept and unwanted. Tommy doesn't want a night-cap, unless it's a whisky. He doesn't want to be coddled in flannel any more than he wants to be tended by aristocratic untrained hands. Well, give him a pipe, a blanket to roll in and he's perfectly contented. Wounded, he would sooner be nursed by plain Sarah Brook, who has been through the hospitals, than by any duchess living. It is sense, not sentiment, we want most

at a moment like this. Our soldiers aren't toy ones to be taken out of boxes and played with by fine ladies. They are the real thing and thoroughly aware of the fact that a battlefield is not a drawing-room. It amuses me sometimes when I do go into a drawing-room these days, and find it full of pretty ladies busily stitching at cobbled seams. "If only I could do something more for the dear things," one fluffy-haired lady said to me the other day, "but times are so hard I simply can't afford to give much money. So"—with a Madonna smile—"I give my time instead." There were rings to the value of several hundreds of pounds upon the manicured fingers that flitted so busily over the coarse grey flannel as she spoke. They sparkled in the sunshine like stars.

* * *

On the Spree.

One wonders whether the German ladies of to-day are as annoyed as were those of 1793 when the breaking off of diplomatic relations with France caused the sudden cessation of consignments of fashions from Paris. The Berlin ladies who had hitherto lived on French models broke their hearts till new fashions mercifully arrived from England, a scanty skirt-like garment, slit at the knee, high-waisted and short-sleeved, the dress in fact that preceded the Restoration, when it became the fashion to wear as little as was possible or compatible with the climate. One somehow never seems to think of German women as having a soul for clothes. The Teutonic feminine seems mostly to be a compound of cookery-books and children. And yet I am assured on the very best authority that this is not so; that, on the contrary, the smart German woman can easily hold her own with any other feminine product from Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix, and that our night-clubs aren't in it with the Berlin ones for pretty women and pretty frocks. If this is so, it isn't so surprising, is it? Berlin is always on the Spree.

LOUISE HEILGERS.



January.
Open Blouses and Slit Skirts.

August.
Velvet and Fur.

MADemoiselle FIFI.

A Story of German Arrogance and French Patriotism. Adapted from Guy de Maupassant, by
Dr. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT.

Major Count von Farlsberg, commanding the Prussian regiment, had just finished reading his letters. Seated in a comfortable easy chair, he had put his feet on the elegant marble of the mantelpiece, where his spurs had already made two deep holes—the Prussians had been in possession of the Chateau d'Uville for more than three months. A cup of coffee was placed on a costly and artistic little table in which, with a Vandal spirit, the military Count had burned holes with his cigars and cut monograms with his penknife. With a sigh the Prussian officer rose to his feet and leisurely approached the window. The rain, a veritable rain of Normandy, the rain peculiar to the environments of Rouen, was coming down in torrents, casting a shadow of gloom and sadness over the country.

Count von Farlsberg was humming a waltz of the Rhine when a slight noise made him look round. It was Captain Baron von Kelweingstein who entered the room. The major was a giant, with broad shoulders and a long beard falling over his breast in the shape of a fan. He gave one the impression of a military parrot, a parrot carrying his tail upon his chin. He had blue eyes, cold but gentle, and his cheek bore the mark of a cut by an Austrian sabre. He had the reputation of being a decent man, as well as a brave soldier.

Quite different was the aspect of the captain. He was short, fat and baldheaded. He had lost two of his front teeth in a drunken brawl—and his speech was consequently sometimes incomprehensible. He finished his *rapport*, and the two officers again approached the window, grumbling at the monotonous life in the chateau. The captain especially—who was a *viveur*, fond of gallant adventures and amorous intrigues—was fuming with rage at his enforced celibacy, which had now lasted for three months. They were interrupted by the entrance of a soldier, who announced luncheon. In the dining-room they found three other officers of a lower rank: one lieutenant, Otto von Grossling, two sub-lieutenants, Fritz Scheunaubourg, and the little marquess, Wilhelm von Eyrik, a young blond officer, proud and brutal with his men, merciless towards the vanquished and violent in the extreme. Ever since the Prussians had set foot on French soil von Eyrik's comrades had called him Mlle. Fifi, on account of his debonair appearance, his thin waist—he wore corsets—his pale face and, especially, his habit of expressing paramount contempt for men and things by using on every possible occasion the French phrase: *Fi, fi, donc*.

In the beautiful dining-room at the Chateau d'Uville the mirrors and the Flanders tapestries bore witness to the presence of the Prussian officers. In his moments of leisure Mlle. Fifi liked to amuse himself by sending bullets through walls, costly tapestries and family portraits. In this noble and mutilated room, saddened by the pouring rain, the officers finished their meal almost in silence. Only when coffee and liqueurs were served and pipes lit did the conversation begin, and the enemy was the principal topic. Glasses were quickly emptied and refilled. Mlle. Fifi never used the same glass twice; he broke it as soon as he had emptied it, and a soldier immediately brought him another. The room was now full of smoke, and the officers seemed gradually to plunge into a state of drunken somnolence, when the Baron suddenly jumped to his feet.

"Hang it all," he exclaimed, "this cannot last. We must think of something!"

"What?" asked the lieutenant and sub-lieutenant simultaneously.

"We must arrange a banquet," replied the captain,

"if the major gives his permission."

"What banquet?" inquired the major.

"Let me manage everything, major," said the Baron. "I shall send a soldier to Rouen, and he will fetch some ladies—I know where to find them—and we shall have a jolly supper here."

"You are mad!" exclaimed the superior officer good-humouredly.

But the other officers began to implore their superior to let the Baron have his way, and at last permission was granted.

Immediately instructions were given to an orderly on duty, who at once left the chateau for Rouen.

The young men rejoiced. To beguile the time until the arrival of *ces dames* they laid mines. This was an invention of Mlle. Fifi. A small teapot was filled with powder and placed in the drawing-room, filled with art subjects. When this little mine exploded, the floor was strewn with debris of priceless art treasures. Mlle. Fifi then danced for joy.

Soon the officers grew tired of this childish and brutal game, and impatiently awaited the arrival of their guests. They looked out upon the sad country and the distant church. Ever since their arrival the church bells had been silent. That was the curé's silent protest. Sooner than permit the church bells to ring he would have allowed himself to be shot. Mlle. Fifi often begged the commandant to compel the curé to ring the bells, and threaten the aged clergyman, but the major always refused to grant the request.

At last the soldier who had been despatched to Rouen returned. He had brought five young women, who, although somewhat reluctantly, had submitted to the invitation, or rather command, of the victorious foe. They were all good-looking and attractive. The young men at once threw themselves upon the guests, eagerly and impatiently, caressing and kissing them, but the captain commanded order.

Discipline and precedence had to be respected even in love. He allotted the girls in order of height and stature to the five officers. Pamela fell to the commandant, the captain won Blondine, whilst Amanda and Eva la Tomate were attributed to Otto and Fritz respectively.

Rachel, a young Jewess, was allotted to the Marquess von Eyrik. The dulness had been dispelled, and the large drawing-room resounded with the laughter of the young men. Kisses were exchanged. Suddenly Mlle. Rachel coughed; the young officer had blown the smoke of his cigar into her mouth. She said nothing—but her eyes sparkled. Dinner was served. It was a merry and uproarious meal. The Prussians were at once polite and brutal, gallant and rude, cracking jokes in French and singing obscene songs. Mlle. Fifi was holding Rachel on his knees, kissing and hugging her, but from time to time he pinched her arm violently, as if anxious to hurt and destroy. Suddenly he bit her cheek, so that the blood oozed out, flowed down her chin and stained her dress.

"Such things," she murmured, "are paid for."

He laughed insolently. "I shall pay."

The generous wine of Champagne sparkled in the goblets. The commandant rose to his feet and drank to the health of the ladies. The signal had been given, and now all the officers in turn rose and made a speech. The gallant captain drank to the Prussian victories over hearts, and his toast was greatly appreciated.

Lieutenant Otto, however, now completely drunk, and fearfully excited, was seized with a fit of militarism.

He raised his glass to the Prussian victories over France!

The girls were silent, and only Rachel said: "I know Frenchmen in whose presence you would not have dared to say this."

Von Eyrik laughed uproariously. "They are all cowards, your Frenchmen; as soon as they see us they take to their heels."

"You lie, you dirty dog," was Rachel's prompt reply.

He looked at her with his cold, steely gaze, intent upon destruction. Then he said aloud: "We are their masters. France belongs to us!" He rose to his feet, seized his goblet and shouted: "To us belong France and the French, the woods, the meadows, and the houses of France!"

The others shouted: "Long live Prussia!"

"To us," added the marquess, "also belong the women of France!"

The goblet fell from his hand and broke, spilling the wine over Rachel's head, so suddenly had the maddened girl jumped up.

"This," she cried, "is an infamous lie. You will never have the women of France!"

Von Eyrik sat down, laughing aloud.

"What a joke!" he cried, imitating her Parisian accent. "And pray, what are you doing here?"

For a moment the girl was silent; but she soon recovered herself, and answered with vehemence: "I, I am not a woman, I am only a prostitute—and that is all that a dirty Prussian requires!"

She had hardly uttered these words when he boxed her ears in his silent fury. But quick as lightning she seized a knife from the table and plunged it in his throat. Confusion followed. Rachel threw a chair between the legs of Lieutenant Otto, opened a window and disappeared into the night. Two minutes later Mlle. Fifi was dead.

The alarm was given, and the officers, completely sobered, gave hurried instructions to search the park for the missing fugitive. It was all in vain. Rachel was nowhere to be found. Apparently the earth had suddenly swallowed her up. The inhabitants of the village were terrorised with threats of terrible revenge; their houses were searched, but all to no purpose. Rachel could not be found. The affair came to the ears of the general, who ordered complete silence, and severely reprimanded the officers.

"War," he wrote, "is not waged for the sake of making love to loose women."

This rebuke made the major furious, and he vented his wrath upon the poor villagers. Seeking a pretext to make an example of some of the frightened inhabitants, he remembered the obstinate curé, at once sent for him, and peremptorily ordered him to toll the church bells for the funeral of Mlle. Fifi. To his astonishment the curé raised no objection. The bells rang out on that day, and also on the following. They continued to ring for days and days afterwards—and even in the middle of the night the villagers were often surprised to hear the sound of the church bells. They spoke in hushed whispers of some spell. No one except the curé and the sacristan came near the belfry. The fact was, a poor girl was living there, in solitude and anguish, fed and guarded by the two men. When at last the Prussian garrison had left French soil, the curé borrowed a van from the baker and took Rachel to Rouen. At the gate of the city the man of God kissed the sinner and bade her farewell. She returned to the establishment to which she belonged. A patriot loved her for her action, and afterwards for herself. He married her and made a lady of her, as good as many others.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A man is known by the promises he keeps.

Only the chicken-hearted allow themselves to be hen-pecked.

In love's arithmetic, the easiest way to divide two is to make them one.

Steam is much more effective than wind in making one's ship come in.

The chief reason why we can't see ourselves as others see us, is that love is blind.

Physical proximity will go a long way towards compensating for intellectual isolation.

Half the world does not know how the other half lives—any more than it knows why.

To a woman there is a whole lot of difference between "getting off" and "going off"!

The Prince of Wales's Fund.

A magnificent response has been made by rich individuals and firms to the appeal made by the Prince of Wales, and the Fund has already attained imposing dimensions. But much more money will be required, and every Briton should send in a contribution in accordance with his means. We cannot all give thousands, but we can all give something.

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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

"I am not fond of the stage, Violet," said Augustus; "but I hear your father on the stairs, and I think I'd better go before the foot lights."

* * *

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PUN.

The philosopher, owing to the war crisis, had been summoned back to work although only one week of his fortnight's holiday had passed. "Ah, well," he reflected, as he packed his trunk, "half a loaf is better than none."

* * *

SAVED HIM.

"I kept my head when I fell into the water," observed the young man.

"How fortunate!" replied the caustic maid. "It must have helped you so nicely to float!"

* * *

OPPOSITES.

"Can one person unite opposite qualities in himself?"

"Certainly. Can't he be dense and transparent at the same time?"

* * *

WORTHY TO WEAR A CROWN.

"Are you sure you love your neighbour as yourself?" asked St. Peter, who was cross-examining the new arrival.

"Yes," answered the applicant for a golden crown. "For ten years he used my telephone to carry on his business, and I never complained."

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